

my dog  
follows me around  
my little house  
room to room  
she's at my heels  
this is the insecurity  
I breed  
one never knows the next seconds  
bomb raid  
she feels my feel of instant death  
the joy of each second  
even in loneliness  
even in frustrated love  
even in the most terrible aloneness  
and she follows me  
into the backroom  
out through the bathroom  
at my heel  
always with me  
just like they say  
my best friend.

gagaku

basket of fruit  
wicker basket  
full of a few lemons  
and one bright orange  
and some apples  
with one half visible  
banana

I sit at the table  
covered by a white cloth  
the table is brown wood  
a card table  
and the white cloth  
lays smoothly over it

silverware  
includes neatly placed fork  
and knife upon perfectly  
folded napkin  
with a spoon  
to the right of a  
sparkling empty though  
incredibly clean plate